

WAR FRONT FURY BATTLEFIELD ADVENTURES

G.I. COMBAT

JANUARY
NO. 28

DOOMED
LEGION

Behind Enemy
Lines

ENC
10¢

DEATH TRAP

PRISON CAMP



[illegible]

The DOOMED LEGION

M-MAJOR! WE'RE OUT
OF SHELLS... ONLY FIFTY
ROUNDS OF AMMO
LEFT!

WE'LL BEAT THESE COMMIES
BACK WITH OUR FISTS! IF WE
HAVE TO! THIS ISN'T GOING
TO BE ANOTHER
DIEN BIEN PHU!

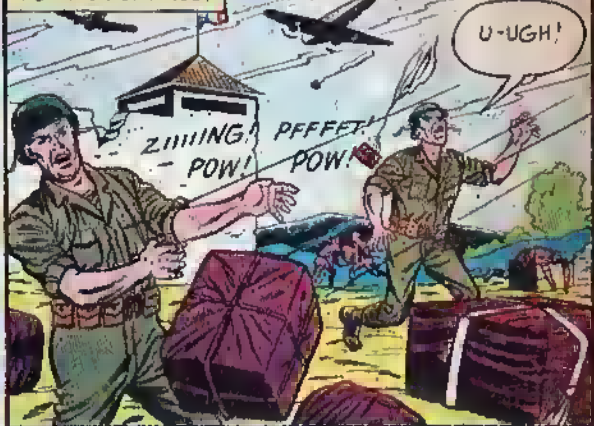


THIS WAS IT! FORT FREE FRANCE STOOD BATTERED AND BROKEN AGAINST THE RED ONSLAUGHT! WAS THIS TO BE ANOTHER DIEN BIEN PHU? AGAIN AND AGAIN ITS STRUCTURE WAS TORN BY ENEMY SHELLS, MORTAR FIRE AND GRENADES --- BUT STILL IT STOOD! FOR INSIDE WAS A GRIM, DETERMINED BATTALION OF G.I'S --- MEN WHO CLOSED THEIR EARS TO THE VOICE OF THE COMMIE RADIO WHICH SCREAMED TO THE WORLD THAT THEY WERE DOOMED!

THE WORLD WORRIED AND WAITED! COULD THEY HOLD OUT? HOW LONG? FOR THE FRENCH STRONGHOLD AGAINST RED AGGRESSION IN INDO-CHINA WAS UNDER SIEGE... AT DIEN BIEN PHU!



THE EYES OF BRAVE FRENCHMEN SCANNED THE SKIES EAGERLY... SURROUNDED AND CUT OFF THEY WERE DEPENDENT UPON AN AIRLIFT! IT MEANT LIFE... OR DEATH FOR THE FORTRESS!



AND IN THE FOUL WEATHER OF INDO-CHINA IT MORE OFTEN MEANT... DEATH!

ANOTHER DAY OF ZEE FOG AND RAIN! WE MUST HAVE SUPPLIES! WHEN WILL IT STOP?

TOMORROW, DUBOIS! PERHAPS TOMORROW...



LIKE A RAVENOUS SNAKE THE RED HORDES CUT OFF OUTPOST AFTER OUTPOST AND STRANGLERED THEM INTO SUBMISSION!



DAILY WORLD
DIEN BIEN PHU FALLS
GALLANT DEFENDERS OVERRUN BY VIET MINH FORCES WHEN SUPPLIES RUN OUT. ALL OF INDO-CHINA THREATENED BY RED HORDES.



THUS IT IS THAT FREEDOM LOVING MEN THE WORLD OVER RALLY TO THE FRENCH CAUSE!

LARSON, AMERICAN... WHITE, AMERICAN... HIGGINS, AMERICAN... MILLER, AMERICAN...

SACRE! SO MANY AMERICAN PATRIOTS! WE MUST IN SOME WAY SHOW OUR APPRECIATION FOR THEES GESTURE OF FRIENDSHIP!

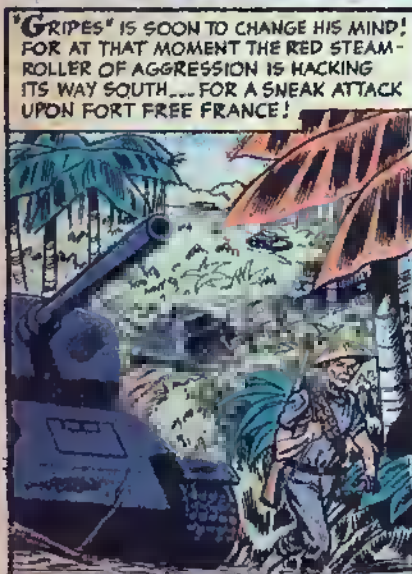
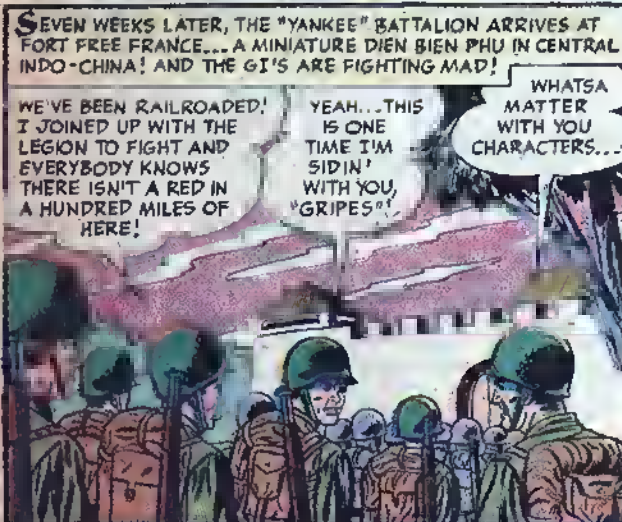


THE AMERICANS ARE GROUPED TOGETHER AS A SINGLE FIGHTING UNIT... A BATTALION OF EX-GI'S WHO HAVE FOUGHT AGGRESSION BEFORE!

YOU'RE THE LAST GUY I THOUGHT I'D RUN INTO HERE, 'GRIPES'! YOU MOUTHED OFF SO MUCH WHEN WE FOUGHT TOGETHER IN EUROPE 'BOUT ARMY LIFE I NEVER EXPECTED TO SEE YOU IN UNIFORM AGAIN!

THE ARMY'S STILL KAPUT WITH ME, WHITEY! BUT I COULDN'T STAND BY AND LET THE FRENCHIES GET BEATEN BY THE REDS!





AN IMMEDIATE ASSEMBLY IS CALLED ON THE PARADE GROUNDS!

THOSE ARE THE FACTS, MEN! WITHDRAWAL COULD MEAN A SERIOUS SETBACK FOR THE FRENCH! AND IF WE VOLUNTARILY REMAIN... WELL, YOU'VE BEEN IN COMBAT BEFORE! I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU THE CONSEQUENCES!



I'M NOT GOING TO ORDER ANYONE TO COMMIT SUICIDE... THAT'S WHY I WANT YOU TO TAKE A VOTE AMONG YOURSELVES! WHEN A VERDICT IS REACHED LET ME KNOW, SERGEANT!



SIR... I DON'T THINK A VOTE WILL BE NECESSARY! I KNOW THE WAY THESE MEN FEEL! THEY'LL STICK IT OUT AND FIGHT... THAT'S WHY THEY'RE HERE!

IS... THAT RIGHT, MEN?

YAHOO! WE'LL SHOW 'EM WHAT FOR, MAJOR HIGGINS!

I HAVEN'T HAD A RED IN MY SIGHTS SINCE KOREA! IT'S GONNA BE LIKE OLD TIMES!



FRENCH HEADQUARTERS IS SHOCKED BY AN UNEXPECTED RADIO REPORT MOMENTS LATER!

IF WE HAVE YOUR PERMISSION MY MEN AND I WOULD LIKE TO REMAIN HERE AT THE FORT, SIR!

SACRE! ZEE CRAZEE AMERICANS... BUT AH, SO BRAVE!

VERY WELL, MAJOR! WE WEE SEND AIR SUPPLIES ZEE MOMENT ZEE WEATHER PERMITS! AU REVOIR... AND GOOD LUCK!



AU REVOIR... AND GOOD LUCK!

WE'LL NEED IT! SERGEANT! GET A DETAIL OF MEN TO DIG TRENCHES ABOUT THE FORT... HAVE ARTILLERY UNITS PREPARE GUNS FOR FIRING... ALERT THE AMMO DEPOT FOR ACTION!

RIGHT, SIR!



THE PREPARATION FOR BATTLE IS SWIFT AND THOROUGH! THERE IS NO TIME TO BLUNDER! FOR THE ENEMY HORDE IS WITHIN SHELL FIRE OF THE FORT!

WHATA THEY GETTIN' SO ANXIOUS FOR? WE'RE NOT GOIN' ANYWHERE!

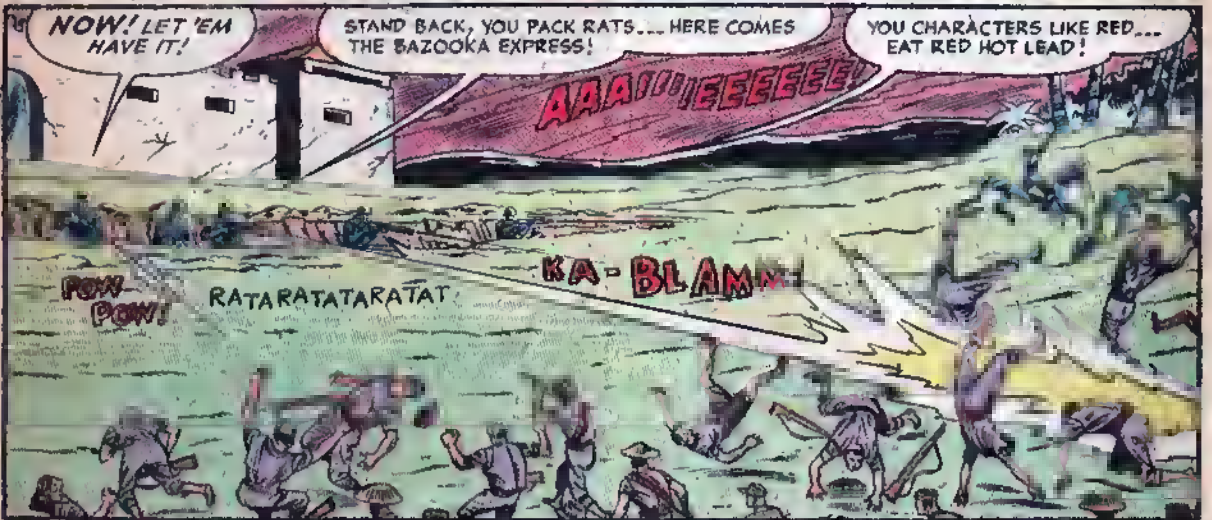
YOU SHOULD KNOW BETTER BY NOW, "GRIPES"! THEY'RE SOFTENIN' US UP FOR ONE OF THEIR CRAZY HUMAN SEA ASSAULTS!



MUSIC! NOW THEY'RE SERENADIN' US!

MUSIC NOTHIN'! THEY'RE THROWIN' THE FIRST WAVE AT US! "GRIPES"! GET BEHIND THAT MACHINE GUN! EVERYONE IN THE TRENCHES!

TA-TA-DA-DA!



THEN, THE BESIEGED DEFENDERS OF FORT FREE FRANCE FACE THEIR PLIGHT BEHIND THE BATTERED WALLS!

YOU CAN'T HOLD UP AGAINST THOSE HORDS, MEN! WE'VE GOT TO PACE OURSELVES... HIT AND RUN!

SURE, MAJOR, 'CEPT WE GOT ONLY *ONE* PLACE TO RUN TO!

IF IT'D ONLY CLEAR... IF IT'D ONLY CLEAR FOR JUST A COUPLE OF HOURS...

IT'S IRONIC, SERGEANT! THE VERY TRENCHES WE DUG FOR DEFENSE WILL AID THE ENEMY IN THEIR NEXT ASSAULT! THEY CAN SLIP INTO THEM AND PLASTER US FROM CONCEALMENT!

YEAH, SIR, THAT WON'T BE NICE... SURROUNDED BY A HORDE OF REDS HITTING US FROM OUR OWN DEFENSES!



SIR, I'VE GOT AN ANGLE! WE'VE GOT A CASE OF DYNAMITE LEFT... SUPPOSE WE *BOOBY TRAPPED* THOSE DITCHES! WHEN THOSE MONKEYS DIVE IN FOR PROTECTION WE CAN BLOW THEM SKY HIGH!

A GOOD PLAN, SERGEANT! LET'S TEST IT... TAKE PRIVATES LARSON AND WHITE!



SHORT MINUTES LATER, THE THREE G.I.'S SLIP FROM THE TORN FORTRESS!

WHITEY, "GRIPES", DEAD AHEAD... WE'LL PLANT THIS TROUBLE IN THE FIRST THREE ROWS OF TRENCHES!

YEAH! RIGHT, SARGE!



FEVERISHLY, THE TRIO RACE AGAINST TIME TO PLANT THE CHARGES!

WE'RE SITTING DUCKS HERE...

FUNNY...NO GUN FIRE...

ALMOST FINISHED...



THEN... LET'S GO!

YEOW! THEY'VE GOT US ZEROED IN!



RIG IT UP, CORPORAL! ALL CHARGES PLANTED!

STEADY, MEN! THAT'S JUST SCATTERED RIFLE FIRE! IT WILL BE DUSK...OR LATER BEFORE THE ATTEMPT TO INFILTRATE INTO OUR POSITIONS!



HOUR AFTER HOUR THE BELEAGUERED GI'S AWAIT THE ENEMY! FINALLY AS DUSK FALLS...

HERE THEY COME! A WHOLE FIELD OF 'EM MOVIN' UP LIKE LOCUSTS!

BE QUIET, PRIVATE LARSON! SERGEANT! GO BELOW AND PREPARE TO DETONATE AT MY SIGNAL!

RIGHT, SIR!

THEY'RE ENTERING TRENCHES ONE, TWO AND THREE! STEADY, SERGEANT, STEADY!

NOW! FIRE!

ABRUPTLY, AN INFERNO OF FIRE POWER FLAMES OUT FROM THE FORT! THE RING OF TRENCHES ERUPT IN A BLAST OF SUDDEN DEATH!

FIRE AT WILL, MEN! THIS IS THE BEST OPPORTUNITY WE'LL EVER HAVE TO UTILIZE OUR DWINDLING AMMO!

YAHOO! WE CAUGHT 'EM RED HANDED! HA, HA!

AND WHEN THE CLOUDS OF BATTLE CLEAR...

SIX, WE'RE OUT OF AMMO... ALL SHELLS GONE... LESS THAN A HUNDRED ROUNDS OF SMALL ARMS FIRE! THE MEN THREW EVERYTHING INTO THAT ONE!

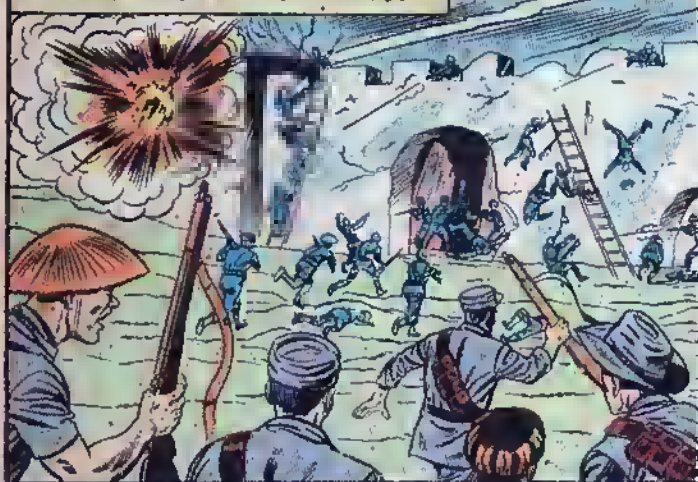
GOOD! WHATEVER HAPPENS NOW WE'VE SPANKED THEM **HARD!** WE DIDN'T HAVE A KNOCK-OUT PUNCH BUT WE SLAMMED A HOLE IN THEIR RANKS THAT WILL TAKE TIME TO PATCH UP!

MAJOR! THEY'VE REGROUPED! THEY'RE LAUNCHING AN ATTACK!

FIX BAYONETS! THIS IS IT, MEN! THE REDS ARE ONTO US... THEY KNOW WE'VE SHOT THE WORKS!

AWRIGHT, YA BLASTED OVER-CAST! SO YA WOULDN'T LET THE SUN COME THROUGH... SO WE DON'T NEED YA NOW!

AGAIN THE BATTLE BEGINS... BUT THIS TIME COURAGE AND SINEW
ALONE ARE THE DEFENDERS' WEAPONS...



... AND THEY ARE ENOUGH... FOR THE MOMENT

GONE AGAIN...
LIKE PACK
RATS TO
THEIR HOLES!

REGROUP IN THE FIELD
OFFICE... THEY'LL BE
BACK... THEY WON'T GIVE
US A MOMENTS REST
NOW... NOT A MOMENTS!



COMING
AGAIN,
MEN!

I'LL GET ME A COUPLE
FIRST... MAYBE THREE
OR FOUR! H-HUH!



SUDDENLY... THE
SUN!
THE SUN'S OUT! LOOK!
LOOK! PLANES...



YES, THE OVERCAST HAD LIFTED... AND
THE RED HORDES GAZED SKYWARD IN
TERROR AS SWIFT VENGEANCE DES-
CENDED UPON THEM!

YIPEE! THEY
MADE IT! THEY MADE IT!



WE'VE HELD FORT FREE FRANCE, MEN! YOU DID IT ON
SHEER NERVE AND COURAGE! I'M... MIGHTY PROUD
OF YOU ALL!

ER, MAJOR, SIR...



I JUST WANTED TO SAY, SIR...
I'M KINDA PROUD OF YOU TOO
FOR SHOWING US HOW TO
DO IT!

WHY, THANK YOU!
THANK YOU VERY
MUCH... "GRIPES"!



YIPPEE! RIDE IT COWBOY!

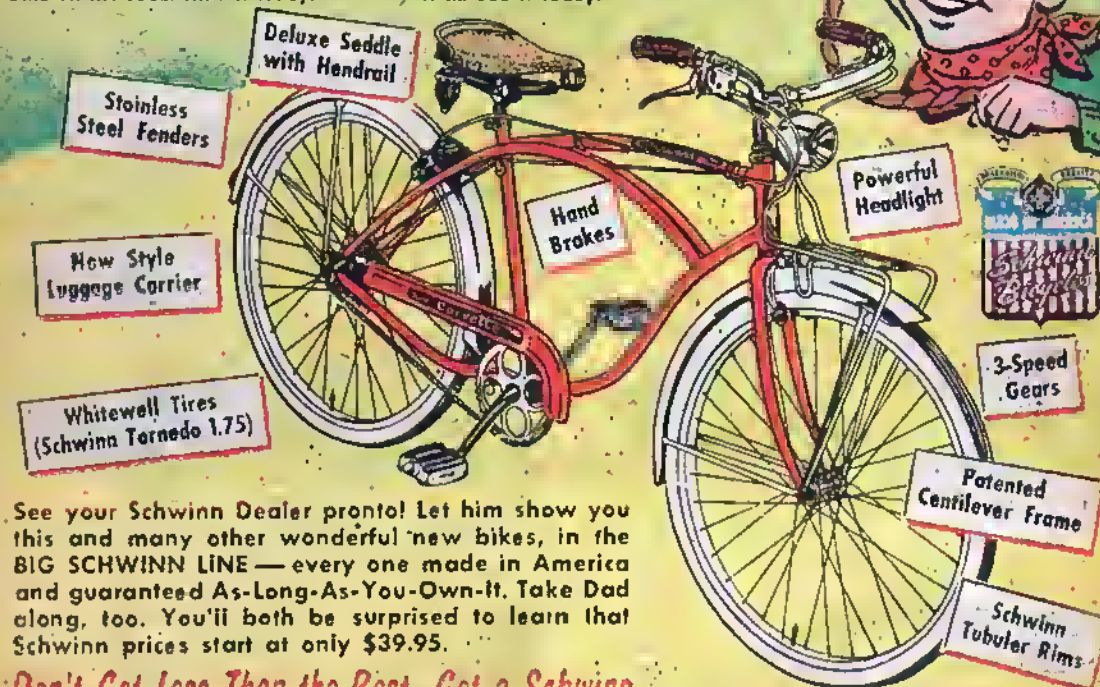
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G.I. COMBAT

PRISON CAMP SLAUGHTER

IT IS NOT WHEN THE REDS CURSE THAT SMART DOG FACES SHIVER!— IT IS WHEN A RED SMILES! FOR THE CAT ALWAYS SMILES MOST WHEN HE'S ABOUT TO DEVOUR THE CANARY! AND THE RED BRUTE LAUGHS LOUDEST WHEN HIS VICTIM IS UNSUSPICIOUS!



ON THE SPRING OF 1952, SOUTH OF KAISUNG, A SMALL GROUP OF G.I.'S WERE DESPERATELY TRYING TO HOLD DOWN THEIR POSITIONS AGAINST OVERWHELMING ENEMY ODDS ...

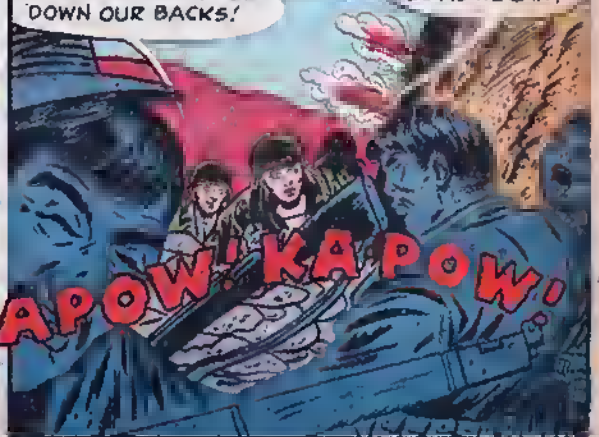
IT'S HOPELESS! WE CAN'T HOLD 'EM BACK! THEY KEEP COMIN' AN' COMIN'!

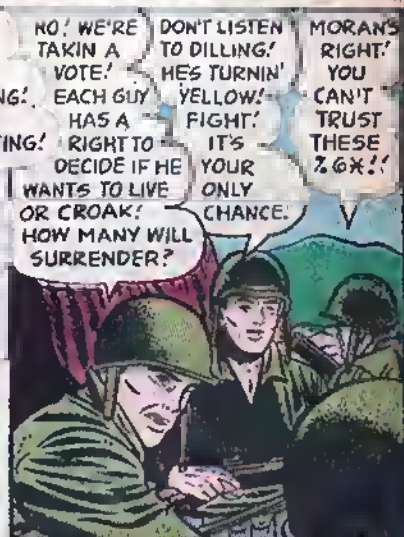
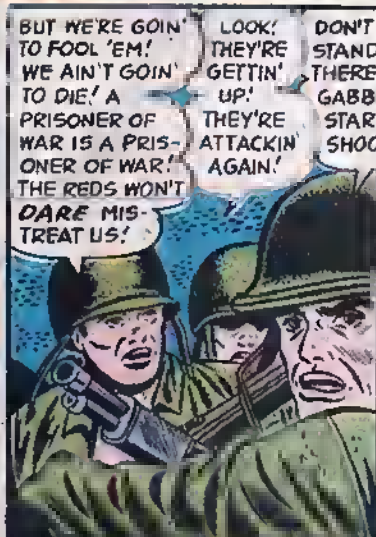
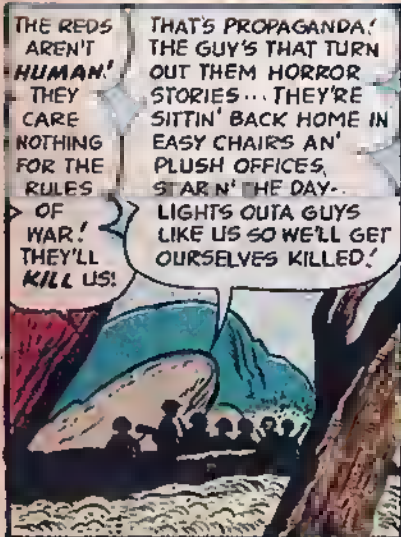
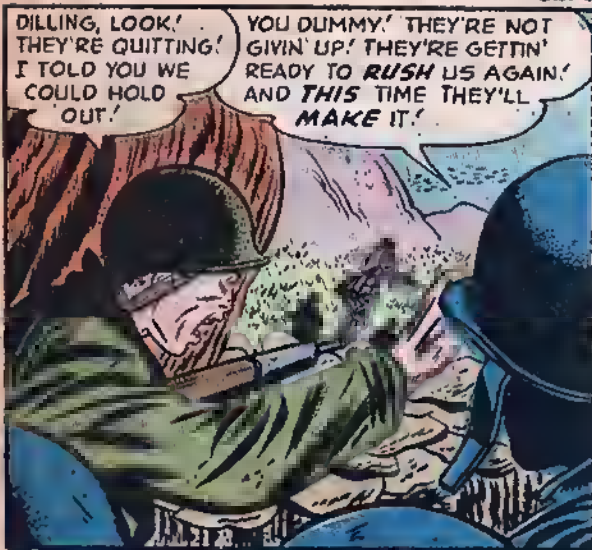
WE'VE GOT TO HOLD 'EM OFF! WE'RE GONERS IF WE GIVE UP!



WHY CAN'T WE SURRENDER? IF WE COULD BEAT 'EM OFF, MORAN, I'D SAY... OKAY.. KEEP TRYIN' ... BUT THEY'RE CLIMBIN' DOWN OUR BACKS!

THEN WE'LL TAKE AS MANY OF 'EM WITH US AS WE CAN!





YOU WERE VERY SMART! YOU HAD NO CHANCE TO WIN! THE OTHERS.. ARE THEY SURRENDERING TOO?

I DON'T KNOW! ASK THEM! THEY'RE A STUBBORN BUNCH!

FOOLS! YIELD TO US OR WE WILL EXTERMINATE YOU! TAKE THE EXAMPLE OF YOUR WISE FRIENDS AND SURRENDER! WHAT IS YOUR ANSWER?

HERE'S MY ANSWER..

COME AN' GET US!

FORWARD! DESTROY THEM!

URRRHH!

KILL! KILL!

THE STUBBORN JERKS! WHY DIDN'T THEY LISTEN?

POOR MORAN! THEY MUST BE SWARMING INTO THE FOXHOLE NOW!

ONLY ONE MORE TO GO, BOYS...! BUT YOU'LL REMEMBER ME!

YOU'LL
EEEEAAA...!

IT'S ALL OVER! THEY'RE DEAD! THE PROPAGANDA BOYS KILLED THEM - PUTTIN' THE LIVIN' FEAR OF THE REDS IN THEM, WHEN THERE'S NOTHIN' TO BE AFRAID OF!

YOU GO! WALK TO REAR... AND NO TRICKS!

MORAN COULD BE WALKIN' AWAY LIKE US.. TO A PRISON CAMP... TO A BUNK IN A COMPOUND.. WAITIN' FOR THE WAR TO BE OVER.. INSTEAD, WHAT HAS HE GOT? A FOXHOLE FOR A GRAVE!



AN HOUR LATER, THE LUCKY SURVIVORS WERE LOADED INTO A TRUCK

QUICK! MOVE FAST! WE HAVE NOT ALL DAY!



THEY WERE DRIVEN TO THE NEAREST RAILROAD STATION...

WHAT NOW, DILLING?

WE GET HERDED INTO A CATTLE CAR AND GET A FREE RIDE TO THE NORTH! NOTHIN' CLASSY .. BUT IT'S BETTER'N LYIN' IN A SHALLOW GRAVE WITH WORMS FOR SLEEPIN' COMPANIONS!



I HEAR THE RED CONCENTRATION CAMPS ARE THE WORLD'S WORST! IF YOU DON'T DIE OF TYPHUS, YOU DIE OF EATIN' THE LEATHER OFF YOUR SHOES!

WHAT SHOES? THEY'LL STRIP 'EM OFF YOU BEFORE THEY CHECK YOU IN! THEM CRUDS GOT NO SHOES OF THEIR OWN TO WALK AROUND IN, SO YOU EXPECT THEM TO LET THE PRISONERS LIVE BETTER THAN THEY DO?



THAT'S STRICTLY FOR THE BIRDS! I KNOW THREE GUYS WHO ARE ROTTIN' IN A FOXHOLE NOW BECAUSE THEY SWALLOWED THAT PROPAGANDA ABOUT THE REDS BEIN' MONSTERS!

AIN'T THEY?



THEY AIN'T GOIN' TO GIVE US A HOTEL ROOM WITH HOT AN' COLD RUNNIN' BLONDES! - BUT WE'LL GET BY! AT LEAST, WE'LL LIVE! THAT'S WHAT COUNTS.. TO LIVE...

OKAY, BY ME, DILLING! LET'S HOPE THE REDS GOT THE SAME IDEA!



THE FOLLOWING DAY... A FEW MILES BELOW THE YALLI RIVER ..

HEY! GET A LOAD OF THIS PLACE! YOU COULD EAT OFF THE GROUNDS!

WHAT DID I TELL YOU!

SEE HOW YOU GUYS WORRIED? FOR NOTHIN! WE'RE GOIN' TO LIVE IN STYLE!



NO DOUBT YOU AMERICANS ARE SURPRISED AT WHAT YOU SEE! YOUR PROPAGANDISTS HAVE TOLD YOU SO MANY LIES ABOUT US, NO? OUR PRISON CONDITIONS ARE UNRIVALED! YOU HAVE ONLY TO SEE FOR YOURSELF!

HEY! GET A LOAD OF THIS BEO! FEEL THEM MATTRESSES! FEATHER BEDS, NO LESS!

WASN'T I RIGHT? ANYBODY WHO FALLS FOR THAT PROPAGANDA LINE ABOUT THE REDS BEING BEASTS IS A 14 KARAT SUCKER!

AN' STEAM!

WELL, GUYS, DID YOUR PAL, DILLING MISLEAD YOU?

HECK, NO! WE NEVER THOUGHT IT'D BE ANYTHING LIKE THIS! I'VE HAD LEFT MY K-RATION DIET LONG AGO! THIS CHOW IS REAL FOOD! UMMM-YUMM!

I WAS JUST WONDERIN', GUYS, HOW MANY OOGFACES LET THEMSELVES BE KILLEO. RATHER THAN SURRENDER, BECAUSE THEY WERE SCARED STIFF TO FALL INTO RED HANDS!

THOUSANDS OF GUYS! EVERYBODY SAYS A GUY'S COMMITTIN' SUICIDE IF HE GIVES UP! SHOWS YOU HOW RELIABLE THEM RUMORS ARE! I'LL TAKE THREE CARDS!

ONE DAY, A WEEK LATER, A PRISON INSPECTION UNIT, VISITED THE CAMP.

REMARKABLE! QUITE THE FINEST PRISONER OF WAR CAMP I'VE EVER SEEN!

I'M NOT SO SURE! AFTER ALL THIS CAMP MAY NOT BE TYPICAL OF RED PRISON CAMPS!

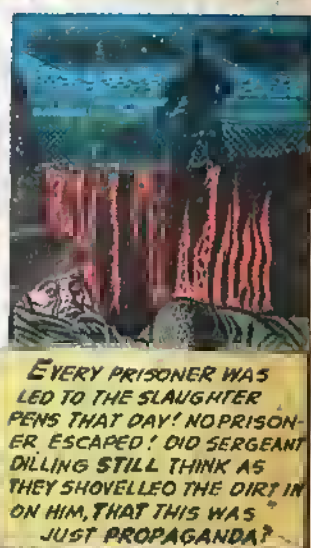
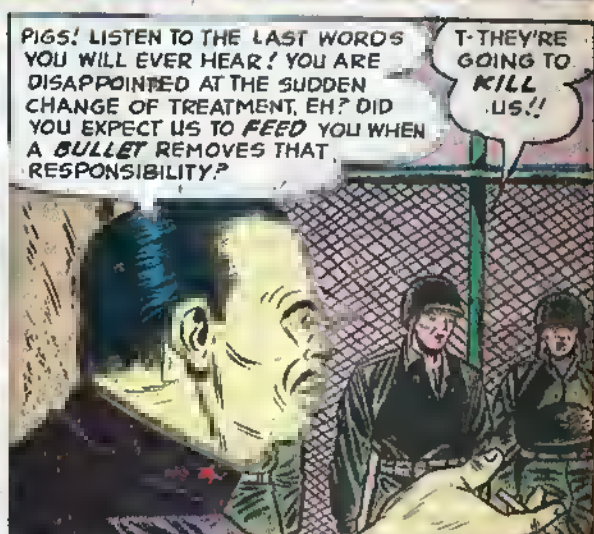
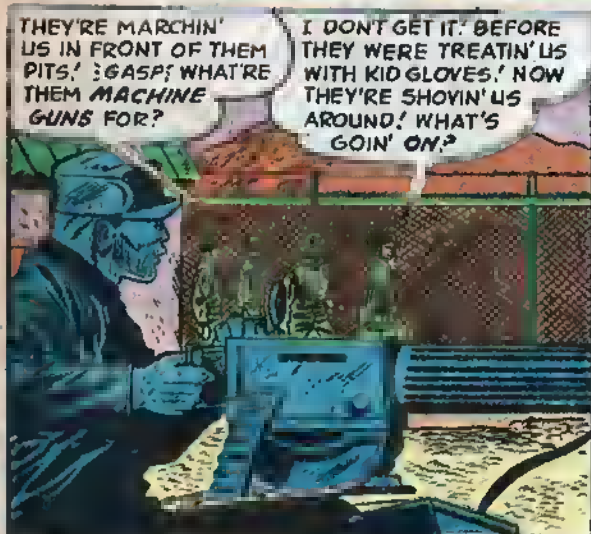
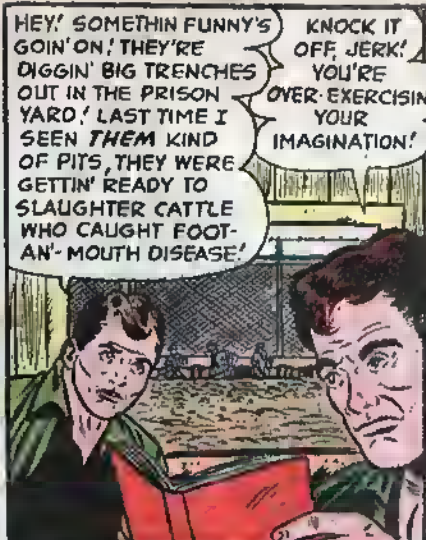
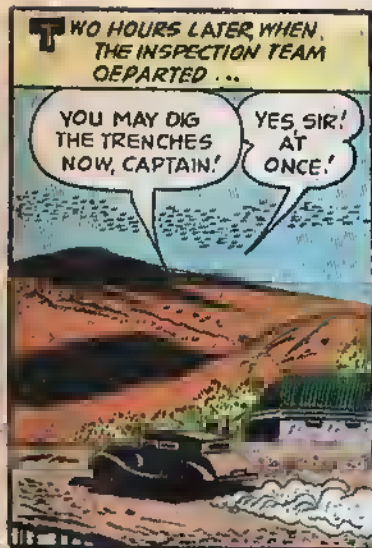
YOU AMERICAN INSPECTION MEN ARE SO SUSPICIOUS! IF YOU DOUBT OUR WORD, ASK SOME OF YOUR MEN! LEARN THE TRUTH FROM THEM!

HOW HAVE THEY BEEN TREATING, YOU, SERGEANT?

SUPER, SIR! JUST SUPER!

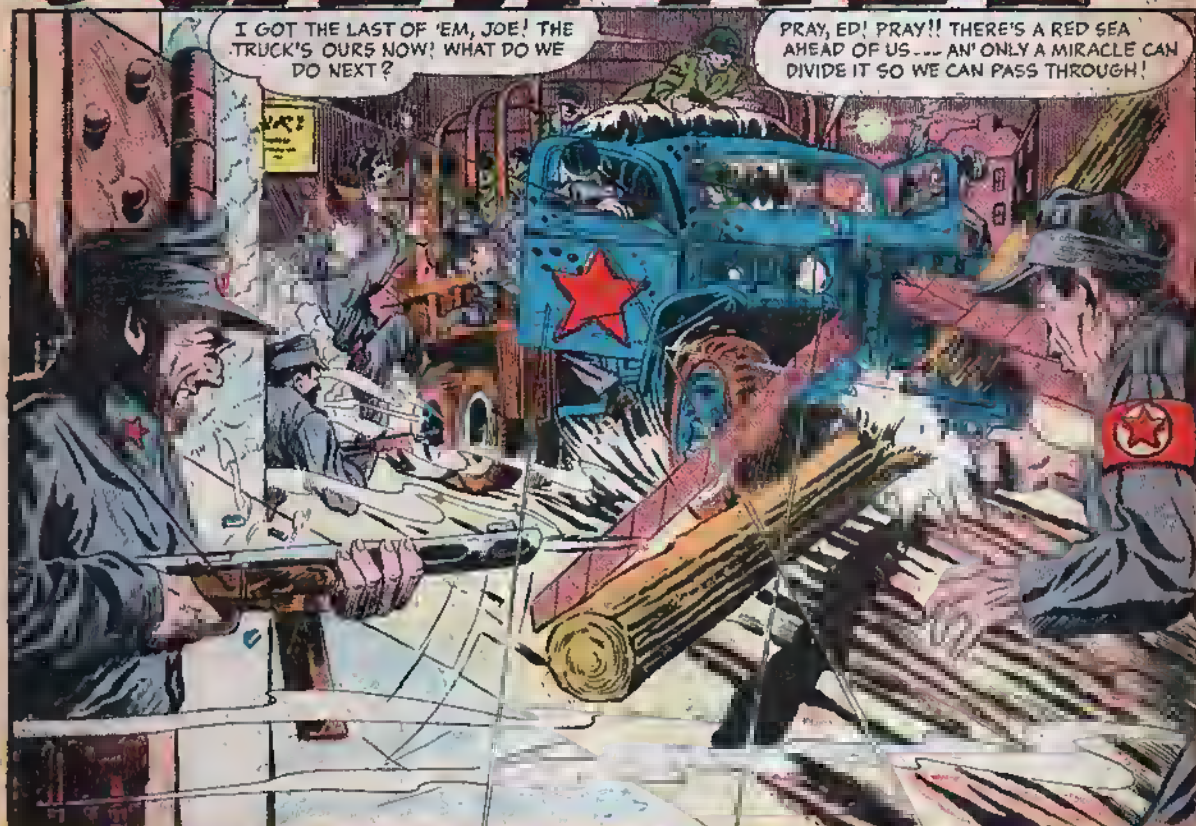
ALL THOSE RUMORS YOU HEAR OF RED CRUELTY, THEY'RE JUST BUNK, SIR! WE GET THE BEST OF EVERYTHIN' SIR! WE NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD!

YOU SEE? I WASN'T LYING! SHALL WE CONTINUE THE INSPECTION, GENTLEMEN?



G.I. COMBAT

DEATH TRAP



I GOT THE LAST OF 'EM, JOE! THE TRUCK'S OURS NOW! WHAT DO WE DO NEXT?

PRAY, ED! PRAY!! THERE'S A RED SEA AHEAD OF US... AN' ONLY A MIRACLE CAN DIVIDE IT SO WE CAN PASS THROUGH!

ONE NIGHT IN BERLIN A GANG OF G.I.'S WENT OUT FOR A GOOD TIME! THEY WALKED INTO A BEER STÜBE EXPECTING MUSIC AND MERRIMENT! INSTEAD THEY FELL INTO A TRAP OF HORROR USUALLY EXPERIENCED IN NIGHTMARES!

WHEN NINE G.I.'S...ALL GOOD FRIENDS...GOT THEIR FURLOUNDS AT THE SAME TIME THERE WAS **BOUND** TO BE A HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN OF BERLIN!

WHAT'LL IT BE, EGGHEADS? FOOD, DRINK OR DAMES?

ALL THREE, YOU SAP! AN' I KNOW WHERE TO FIND 'EM...AT PAPA PILSEN'S!



I MET A CUTE FRAULEIN THERE ON MY LAST WEEKEND PASS!

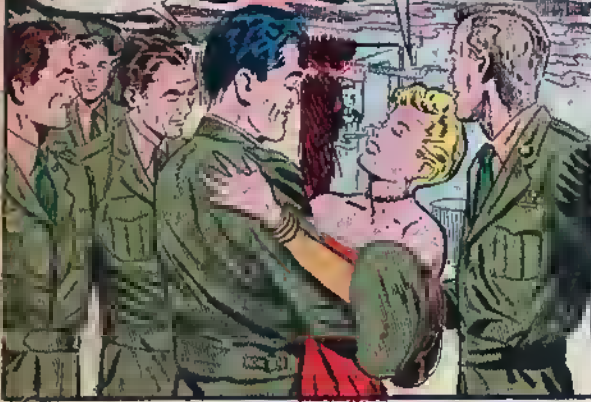
WHAT'RE WE WAITIN' FOR? BRING ON THEM BEERS AN' PRETZELS!



AN HOUR LATER, AT PAPA PILSEN'S...

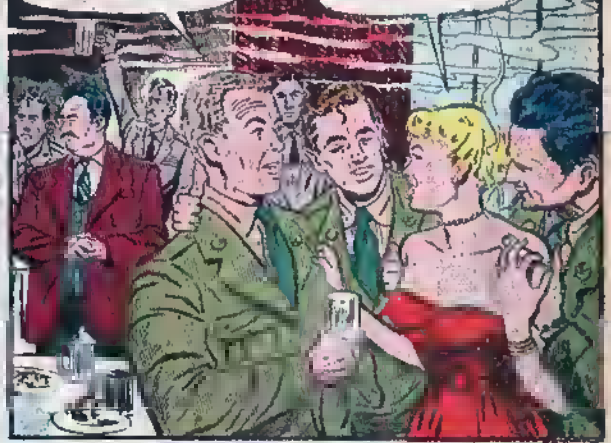
THERE'S LIESL NOW!
FELLERS, MEET LIESL...
THE TOAST OF PAPA
PILSEN'S!

HOW WONDERFUL
THAT YOU CAME,
WESLEY! AND YOU BROUGHT
YOUR FRIENDS! I'LL GET
PAPA PILSEN!



YOU WERE RIGHT, WES!
THE BEER AN' CHOW ARE
GREAT! SAY, LIESL, HOW
ABOUT A DANCE?

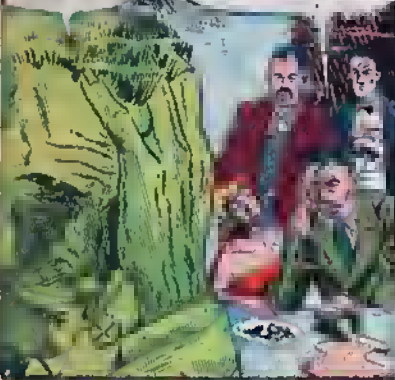
A DOZEN DANCES, HANDSOME
ONE! BUT AFTER YOU EAT!
WE HAVE THE NIGHT BEFORE
US, NICHTWAHR?



SUDDENLY, AFTER ANOTHER ROUND
OF BEERS...

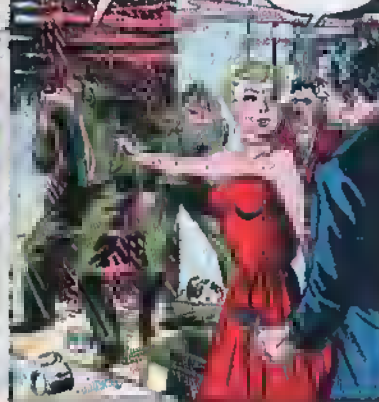
HEY! W-WHAT'S
IN THIS BEER?
THE ROOM'S
G-GOIN'
AROUND...

M-ME TOO! I-I CAN'T
SEE STRAIGHT! LIESL!
WHAT'S GOIN' ON?
WHAT'S IN THESE
DRINKS? EVERY-
BODY'S... GASP!



Y-YOU FOOL!! GASP!... CAN'T YOU
S-SEE WHAT IT IS? THEY'RE
MICKEYS! T-THE DRINKS
WERE DOPED!! GASP!...
T-THEY PLAYED US
FOR SUCKERS!

QUICK!
TAKE
CARE OF
THEM!



GOOD! GET THE TRUCK READY!
THEIR TROUBLES HAVE JUST
BEGUN!



LATER, IN THE GARAGE BEHIND THE BRAUHAUS...

THE TRUSTING FOOLS! IN A
HALF HOUR THEY'LL BE IN
EAST BERLIN!

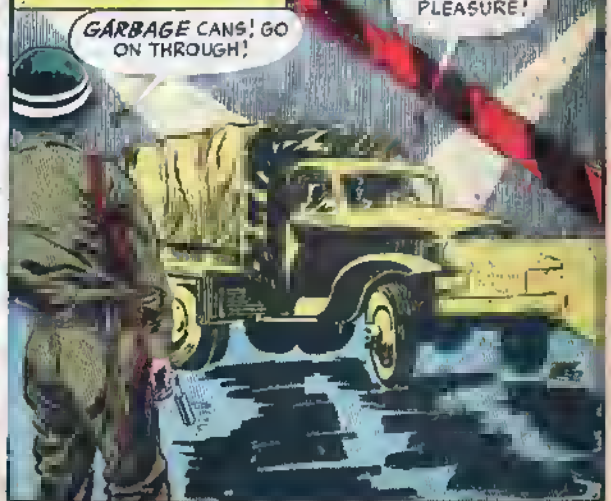
YOU'LL HAVE NO TROUBLE
WITH THE BORDER GUARDS,
COMRADE!



A HALF HOUR LATER...

GARBAGE CANS! GO
ON THROUGH!

WITH
PLEASURE!



G.I. COMBAT

TEN MINUTES LATER...

YOUR KNOCKOUT DROPS WERE MOST EFFECTIVE, COMRADE! THEY'RE *STILL* UNCONSCIOUS!

NATURLICH! WE DO NOT BLUNDER IN OUR SECTOR! TRANSFER THIS HUMAN CARGO TO YOUR FIELD TRUCK! THEIR DESTINATION IS CAMP 24!

SO THE TRUCK WITH ITS SLEEPING HUMAN FREIGHT RATTLED INTO THE NIGHT... INTO THE SUBURBS OF EAST BERLIN!

BUT SINCE THE RED ZONE ROADS WERE NOTORIOUSLY POOR, ONE HARD JOUNCE WAS ENOUGH TO AROUSE GROGGY CORPORAL REED! DAZEDLY, REED OPENED ONE EYE...

W-WHERE IN HECK ARE WE? :GASP: REDS!... W-WE'VE BEEN KIDNAPPED!

ANOTHER JOUNCE AND CORPORAL REED ROLLED AGAINST CORPORAL ED MOSS! A STEADY JABBING IN MOSS' RIBS BROUGHT RESULTS...

:GASP: W-WH... MMMPPHHH!

QUIET, BIRDBRAIN! LISTEN! WE'RE IN ONE HECK OF A JAM! WE'RE OVER THE BORDER! THE REDS'RE TAKIN' US HEAVEN KNOWS WHERE!

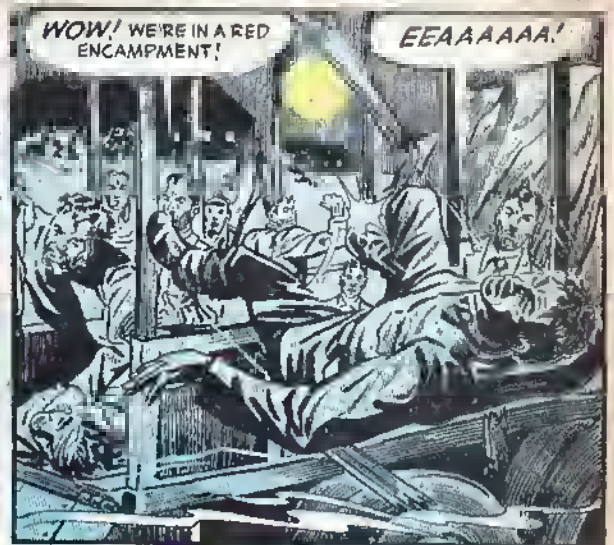
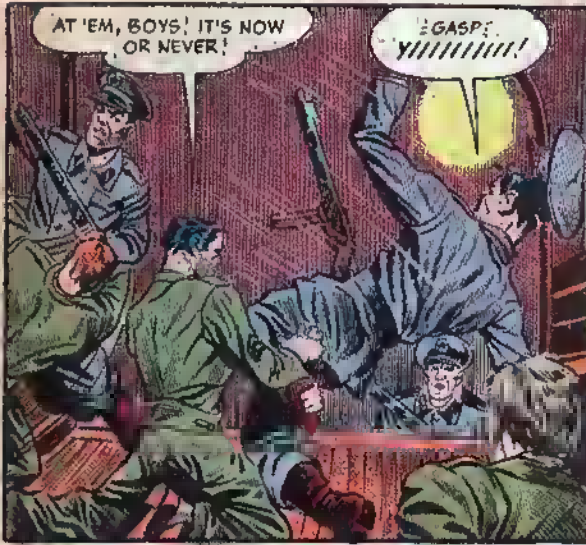
ONCE THEY WORK ON US WITH THEIR BRAINWASHING WE'RE THROUGH! THEY'LL MAKE US SING ANY SONG THEIR PROPAGANDA GOONS WANT! GOT THAT? NOD YOUR HEAD!...GOOD!

SO WE GOTTA BUST LOOSE! JAB THE DOGFACE NEAREST YOU! WAKE HIM UP... BUT QUIETLY! TELL HIM WHAT I TOLD YOU AND LET HIM PASS IT! MAYBE WE CAN ALL COME ALIVE BEFORE WE'RE IN THE SOUP! GOT IT? OKAY! GO TO WORK!

TWENTY MINUTES LATER, JOE REED SAW THAT MOST OF HIS BUDDIES WERE AWAKE AND ALERT!

MAYBE THE REDS WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS STUNT! :GASP: A-A SIREN! I HEAR GATES OPENIN' UP! WE'VE ARRIVED WHERE THEY HAVE BEEN TAKIN' US!

RRRRR OWWRRR



MINUTES LATER, AS THE TRUCK ZIG-ZAGGED TO ESCAPE THE REDS!

OKAY, WES! LET 'EM HAVE IT!



JOE! T-TURN THE TRUCK AROUND! HEAD FOR THE GATE! THEY'RE RUNNIN' WILD IN EVERY DIRECTION!



AS THE HORRIFIED REDS SCATTER...

PUSH THAT PEDAL THROUGH THE FLOOR! WE'RE GETTIN' OUTA HERE!

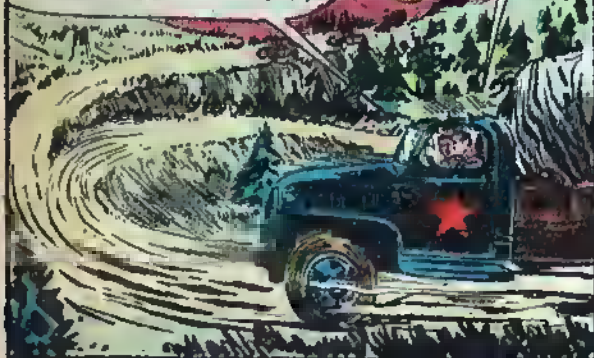
DON'T KID YOURSELF! WE HAVEN'T GOT A CHINAMAN'S CHANCE! WE'RE STILL A U.S. ISLAND IN A RED SEA!



MINUTES LATER, AS RED SCOUT CARS ROARED INTO SIGHT...

SEE WHAT I MEAN? THEY'VE BLOCKED OFF EVERY ROAD TO THE BORDER! RED SEARCH PARTIES WILL BE SO THICK WE'LL TRIP OVER 'EM EVERY FOOT OF THE WAY! WE'D BETTER TAKE THAT SIDE ROAD!

WHAT DO THEY WANT WITH US? WHY'D THEY SNATCH US IN THE FIRST PLACE?



TO MAKE PROPAGANDA OF OUR PRESENCE IN RED TERRITORY! TO ACCUSE US OF VIOLATING THEIR BORDER! TO CREATE AN INTERNATIONAL INCIDENT THAT WILL EMBARRASS THE U.S.!

JOE! THEY'LL CATCH US ON THE ROAD! IF WE HOLE UP IN THAT HOUSE, MAYBE WE CAN KNOCK OFF THE REDS BEHIND US!



MINUTES LATER!

THANK H-HEAVEN YOU CAME!! THE AMERICANS L-LEFT THE TRUCK AND WENT INTO THE BARN! THEY'RE HIDING IN THE BARN!

SO THAT'S WHY THE TRUCK IS PARKED OUTSIDE, EMPTY! QUICK IDIOTS! INTO THE BARN!



BUT AS THE REDS ENTERED THE BUILDING...

THE SUCKERS! THEY FELL FOR IT!



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get acquainted offer!
GIANT COLLECTION
of 40 assorted pieces

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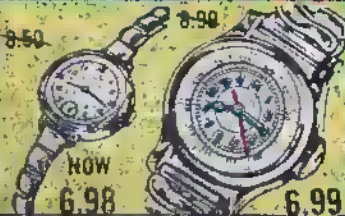
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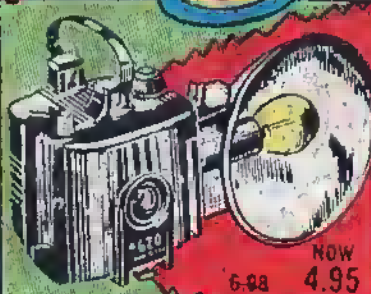
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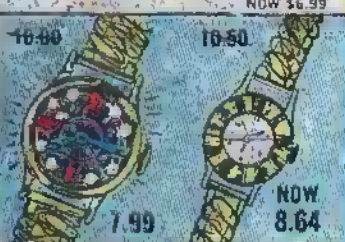


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NOW
6.98 4.95



HANDSOMELY new style in rich GOLD finish case. Smart Midnight Dial is set with 12 flashing imitation DIAMONDS and RUBIES. Fine Jewelled movement. Luminous Dial. Sweep Second. Gilt Bracelet. NOW \$7.99

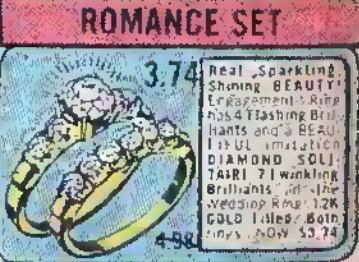
Ladies' JEWELLED Watch in exquisite little case. GOLDEN SUNBURST style gleams and sparkles in rich beauty. Gilt hands and numbers on two-tone shaded dial. Raised Rock Crystal. Dainty Expansion Bracelet. NOW \$8.64



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Rich BRILLIANT Watch you'll be real proud of! Fine Guaranteed 7 JEWEL Movement. Sparkling Dial set with 11 Flashing imitation DIAMONDS and RUBIES. In GOLD finish case. Dome Crystal. Basketweave Bracelet. NOW \$9.95

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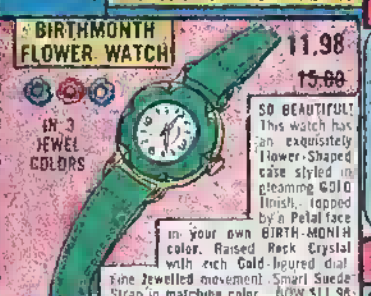
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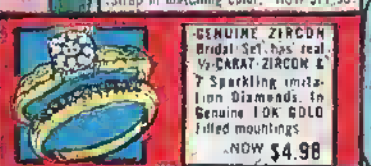
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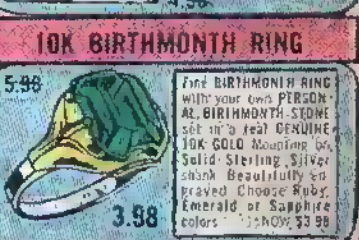


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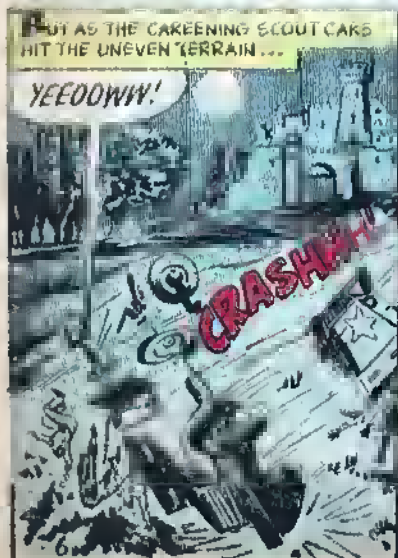
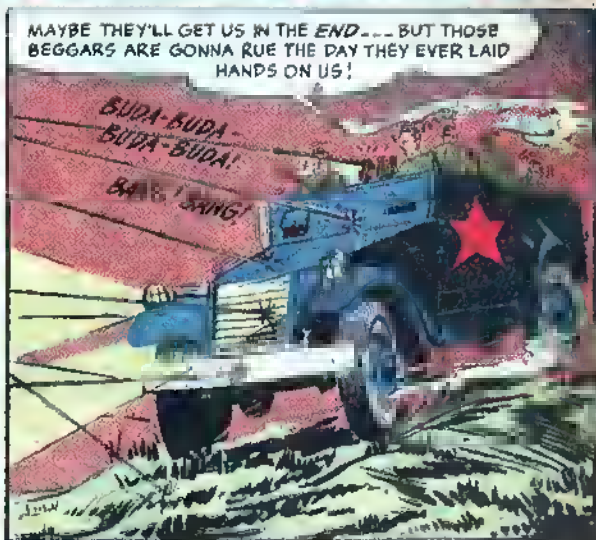
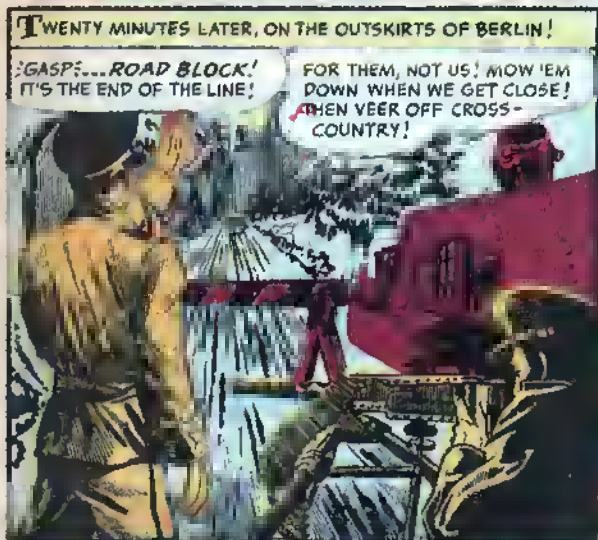
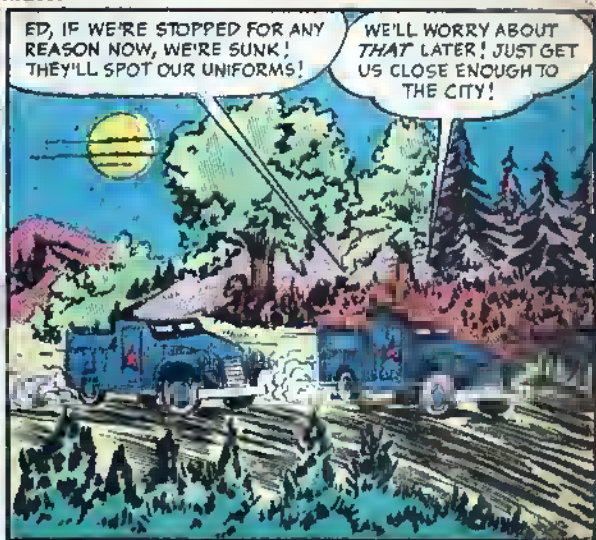
PLEASE PRINT

NAME _____

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TOWN _____ STATE _____

Send RING SIZES, INITIAL, WANTED, and your BIRTH MONTH. If you need more room, attach a sheet of paper.



THE BEASTS WIPED OUT OUR ENTIRE FAMILY, LEAVING ONLY MY AUHT AND MYSELF! LIKE A MILLION OTHERS, WE'D HAVE LEFT EAST BERLIN LONG AGO, BUT HAD NO WAY TO GET OUT!

LADY... JUST GET US TO A PLANE AN' WE'LL TAKE YOU WITH US!

WE COME OUT A SHORT DISTANCE FROM THE HANGARS! CAN ANY OF YOU FLY A PLANE?

WES, YOU ONCE TOLD ME YOU WASHED OUT OF PILOT SCHOOL!

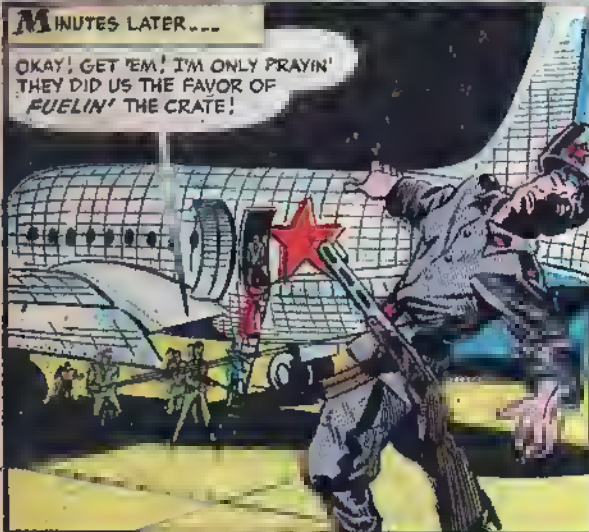
RIGHT! I'M GONNA SHOW YOU HOW **WRONG** THEM BRASS HATS WERE ABOUT ME... **I HOPE!**

SHOW US, KIDDO... AN' MAYBE WE'LL PRY OPEN THE JAWS OF THE TRAP THEY SPRUNG ON US!

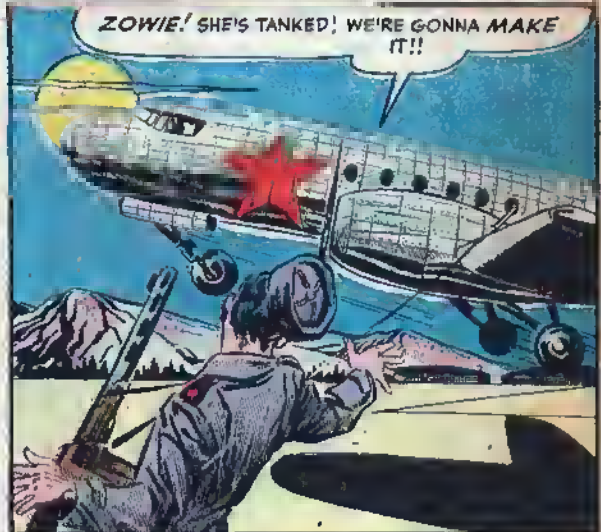


MINUTES LATER...

OKAY! GET 'EM! I'M ONLY PRAYIN' THEY DID US THE FAVOR OF **FUELIN'** THE CRATE!



ZOWIE! SHE'S TANKED! WE'RE GONNA MAKE IT!!



I RADIOED WEST BERLIN! THEY'RE EXPECTIN' US! WHAT'RE YOU GRINNIN' ABOUT, ED?

I JUST FOUND OUT WHY WE WERE SO LUCKY! THERE ARE **NINE** OF US! IT'S NOT ONLY CATS THAT HAVE **NINE** LIVES!



THE FOLLOWING MORNING, AT PAPA PILSEN'S...

PAPA!...GASP!... T-THEY'RE BACK!

NO THANKS TO YOU, SISTER! START CRYIN' IN THEM MICKEYS YOU SERVED US! THIS'S WHERE WE CAME IN! AN YOU GO OUT... INTO OUR TRAP, THIS TIME!

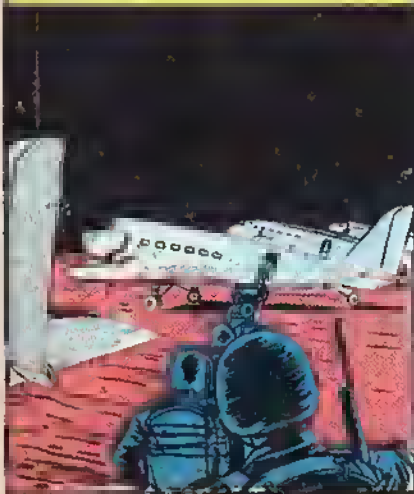


THE FIRST TASTE OF COMBAT IS SOMETIMES MORE THAN THE MIND AND BODY CAN COPE WITH. BUT ONE'S BAPTISM OF FIRE CAN BE ALMOST UNENDURABLE WHEN ONE IS ALONE AND...

BEHIND ENEMY LINES

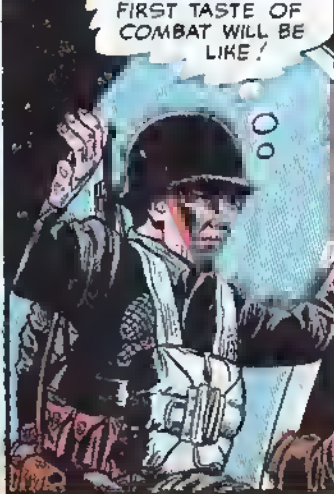


KOREA...1951. AS A REGIMENT OF PARATROOPERS BOARD THE PLANES THAT WILL DROP THEM BEHIND THE ENEMY LINES IN SUPPORT OF THE INCHON LANDING!



STEVE BALDWIN'S THOUGHTS ARE OF A VERY PERSONAL NATURE!

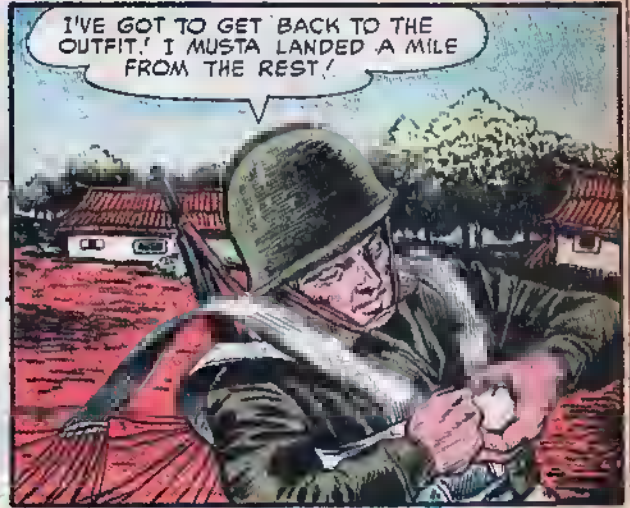
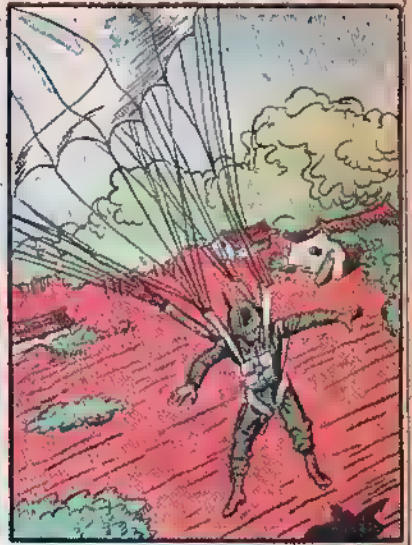
I'M SCARED! I WONDER WHAT MY FIRST TASTE OF COMBAT WILL BE LIKE!

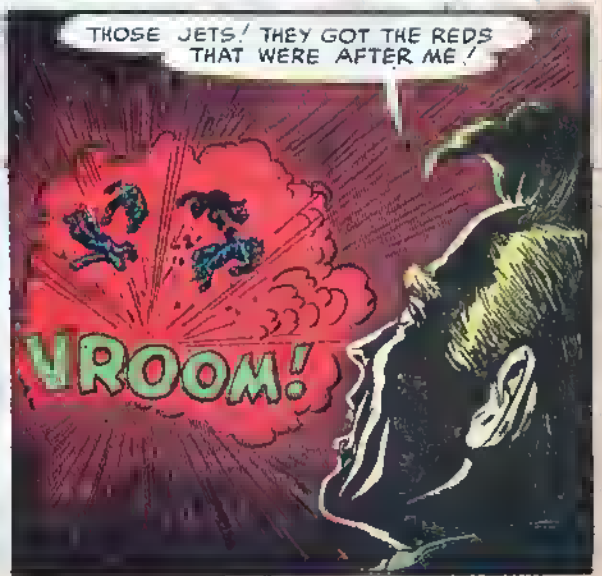
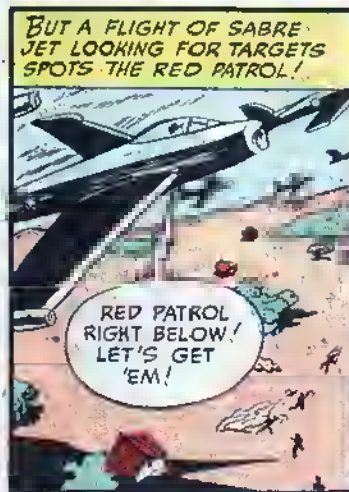
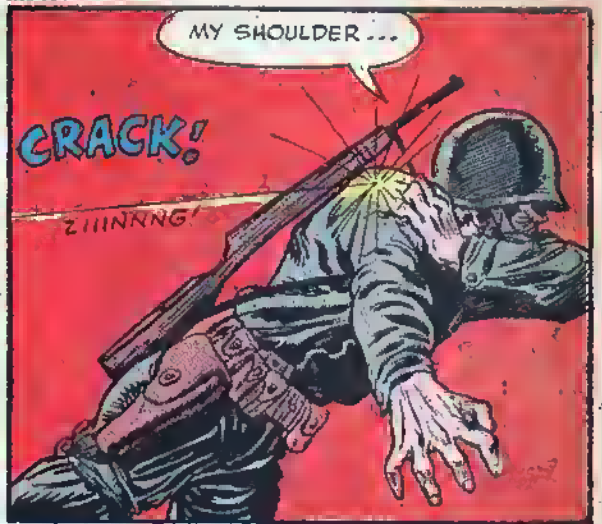


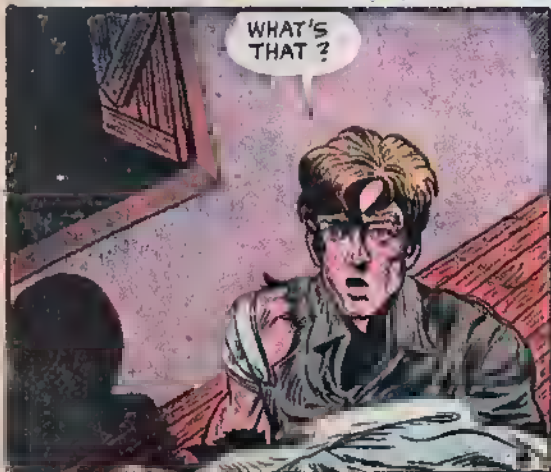
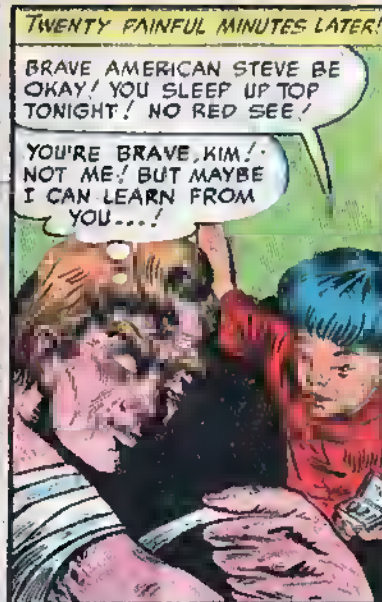
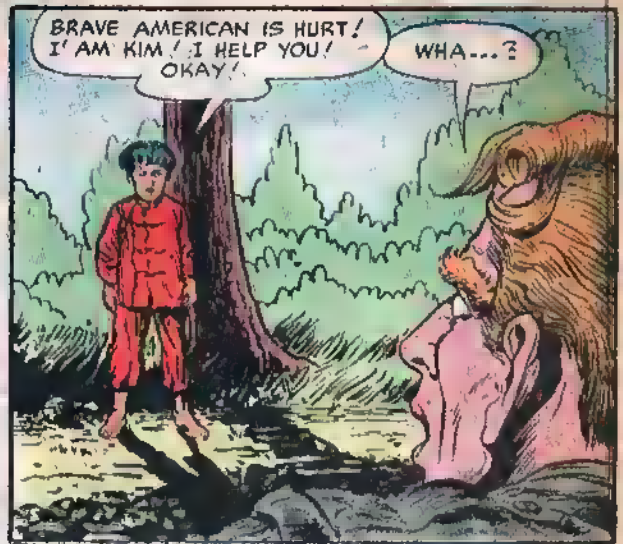
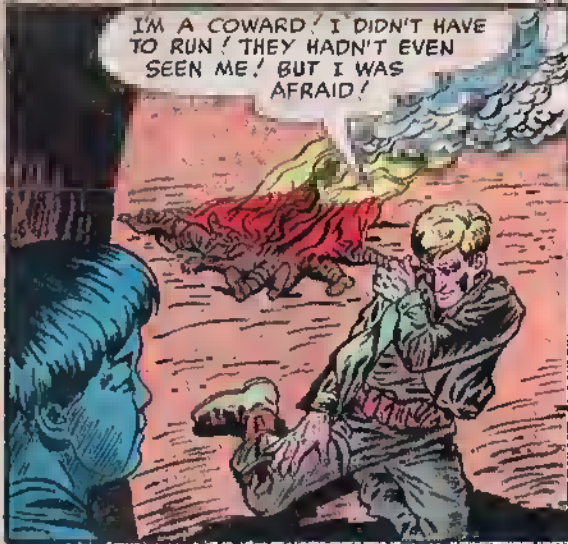
I JUMP NEXT! I'VE GOT TO GET HOLD OF MYSELF! I WON'T BE A COWARD!



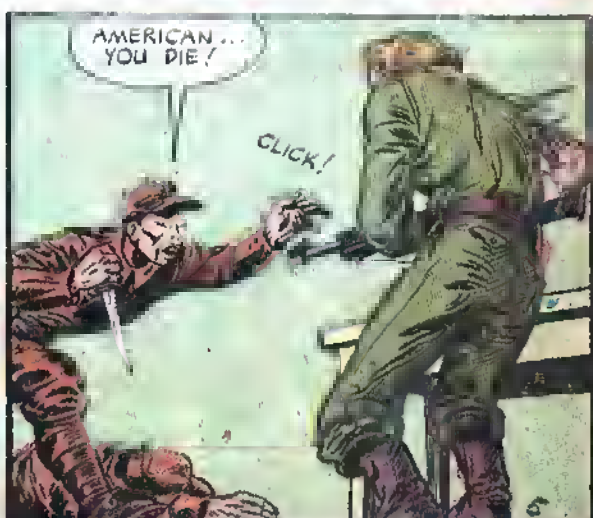
G.I. COMBAT



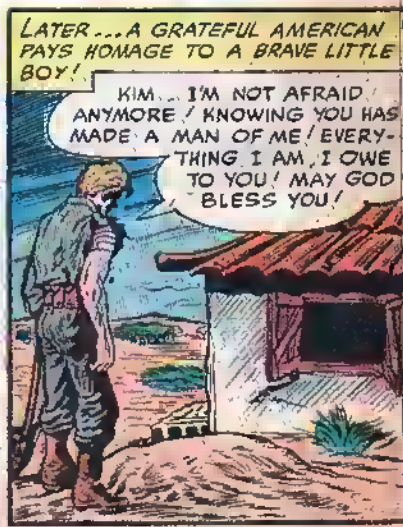
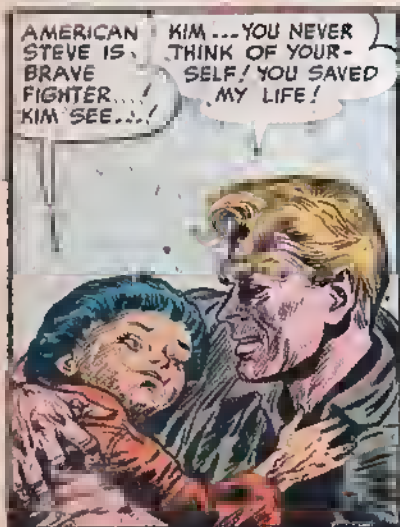
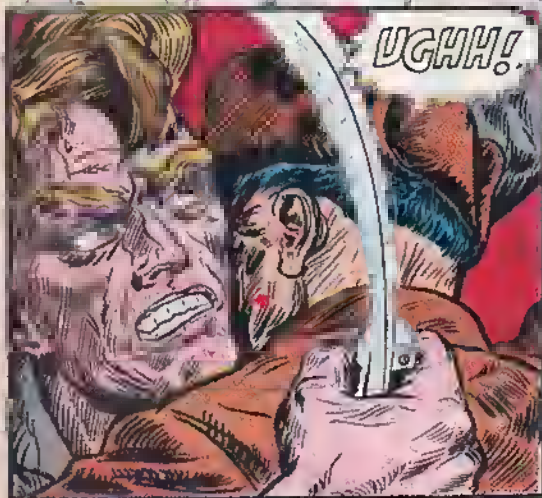
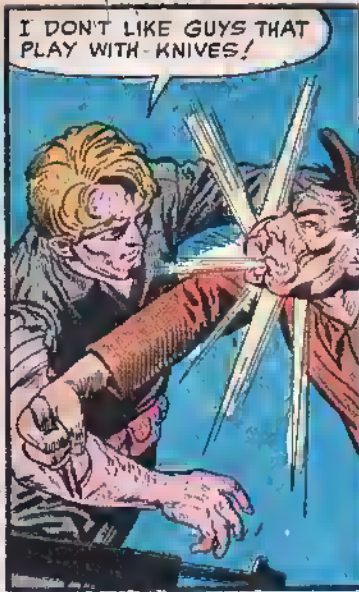




G.I. COMBAT



G.I. COMBAT



SLING SHOT GRENADES

CORPORAL CALAHAN and Private Murphy saw the rocket at the same instant. It blossomed half-way up the rocky hillside and whooshed toward them and there was nothing in the world they could do about it. Corporal Calahan was still telling his leg muscles to jab at the jeep's brakes, his arm muscles to wrench the wheel when it hit. Private Murphy's throat was still corded with the yell he meant to utter when the rocket struck the earth just beneath the jeep's front wheels.

There was a thundering *Blamm!* The jeep reared up under them and the two GIs went pinwheeling into the air. They crashed down heavily and the mangled framework of the jeep slammed down on top of them. Only the fact that the two had landed in a shallow ditch beside the Korean road saved them from being mashed flat by a ton or so of twisted metal.

Corporal Calahan moved dazedly, swearing to himself. Private Murphy groaned, snatched out his .45 automatic and pointed it up through the framework of the jeep with murderous intent. Calahan grabbed at his arm. "Cut it out, you dough-head. You know blame well a .45 can't carry up that far with any accuracy. And besides, they're holed up in a regular cave up there in the rocks. I can see it from here."

"They got a bazooka," Murphy complained bitterly. "Them darn-blasted Reds got a bazooka."

"Certainly they got a bazooka, stupid. You don't think our outfit's been held up ten days on account of they throw rocks so straight, do you? They got plenty modern equipment."

The two lay quiet and considered their position. Under the wrecked jeep they were comparatively safe but if they tried to sneak out, they would be exposed to another bazooka charge, or at least deadly machine gun fire from the nest above. The only alternative seemed to be to lie still until darkness hid any bid for escape. Corporal Calahan promptly killed that.

"Hey! We've got a command car coming in half an hour. Those Reds have the road zeroed in. They'll pick the brass off like they

picked us, only they'll probably score a direct hit on them."

"Who cares," Murphy growled, and flinched. "Okay, so an army's gotta have officers. So what do we do? We can't hit them mugs with our .45s and this here army kindly forgot to include any rifles in our equipment. I got a couple of grenades, if you think you can throw 'em that far, brain boy."

"Shaddup," Corporal Calahan snapped. "I'm thinking." His eyes fell on one wheel of the jeep, still spinning in the air just above their heads, its tire shredded from the impact of the rocket's explosion. "Hey, I got it! Gimme your trench knife, dopey."

While Murphy gaped, Calahan sliced away the shredded casing and pulled out the inner tube, gashed but largely intact. It was not until Calahan began to tie the two ends of the tube to the jeep frame that he got the idea. "Well, I'll be a monkey's uncle. You're making a goldarn big sling shot outa that inner tube. You figure, maybe it'll lob a hand grenade up into that Red nest?"

"If it doesn't," Calahan said, through his teeth, "you and me better figure to run down the road and hope the Reds don't get us before we warn off the command car. Gimme that grenade."

With loving hands they fitted the hand grenade into the big rubber sling and hauled it back to full tension. At the word, Murphy jerked out the pin and Calahan, squinting with one eye shut, let go. There was a twanging snap and the grenade went arching up and out, looping across the sky. They held their breaths, watching it swoop down and vanish into the black pocket of the Red nest. An instant later the black turned crimson with the gout of flame as the grenade exploded. A man's body flew up and down again. A bazooka pinwheelled high and went clattering down the rocks.

Corporal Calahan grinned at Private Murphy. "Never any doubt," he said. "Me, I was the spitball champeen of Public School Number 8. Bring on your goldarn Reds."

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ACT AND FEEL
LIKE
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NOW HOW'S ABOUT
PUTTIN' IN THAT
NEW SIDING AT GRANO
JUNCTION?

GOOD IDEA!
FREIGHT
TRAFFIC IS
SURE BUILDIN
UP...

GRAND JUNCTION. TOWERMAN
OF THE AUTOMATIC SWITCH TOWER
GOES BACK INSIDE AS LIONEL'S
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WATCH IT, OAO!
I'M BRINGING
THE SECTION GANG
IN RIGHT AFTER
THIS TRAIN!

HERE THEY COME!

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like Lionel locos. When
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strike an object, car re-
verses direction and little
"gandy dancers" face the
other way... **ONLY \$7.95**

OKAY, SON,
NEW SIDING'S
SET!

GOOD—
NOW LET'S HOOK
UP THIS REMOTE-
CONTROL SWITCH.

WATCH HER BACK
INTO THE SIDING!

LOOK AT
THOSE BIG
NEW LIONEL
FREIGHT CARS!

THAT NEW
FAIRBANKS-
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HAIR-RAISING READING!!!

G.I. Combat #20, Quality Comics (1952 Series), January 1955; 36 pages, saddle-stitched, \$0.10.

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IN THE SPRING OF 1952, SOUTH OF KAISUNG, A SMALL GROUP OF G.I.'S WERE DESPERATELY TRYING TO HOLD DOWN THEIR POSITIONS AGAINST OVERWHELMING ENEMY ODDS ...

IT'S HOPELESS! WE CAN'T HOLD 'EM BACK! THEY KEEP COMIN' AN' COMIN'!

WE'VE GOT TO HOLD 'EM OFF, WE'RE GONERS IF WE GIVE UP!



WHY CAN'T WE SURRENDER? IF WE COULD BEAT 'EM OFF, MORAN, I'D SAY... OKAY.. KEEP TRYIN' ... BUT THEY'RE CLIMBIN' DOWN OUR BACKS!

THEN WE'LL TAKE AS MANY OF 'EM WITH US AS WE CAN!

